



#2 \$2.50 US \$3.50 CAN

Gross Point

100%
CRAZY
GAD

ALSO IN
THIS ISSUE
**PARTY TIME
AT THE HOTEL
DeKAYE**



DIRECT SALES



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TAKE IT OFF, CHARMINE! TAKE IT ALL OFF!

HOWARD, YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY!



YOU'VE GOT TO. I UNNHH! PEEL ALL THE BUNNIE WALL PAPER OFF FIRST.

LOOK, YOU'RE UNHH! PAINTING OVER WRINKLES.

BING BONG

RIGHT, HOWARD, YOU GO AHEAD-- YOU PEEL IT OFF. I'LL GO GET YOUR TRUSS.

IT WOULD BE OFF IF YOU LET ME GET A PROFESSIONAL IN HERE TO DO THIS.



BING BONG

NOT TILL I GET A JOB! WE CAN'T AFFORD IT!

HEY, YOU GUYS-- CAN'T YOU HEAR THAT?

a sniff-sniff: IT'S NOT THEIR HEARING I'M WORRIED ABOUT, BRIAN.

I MEAN...

...YOU CAN SMELL THAT, CAN'T YOU?

YOU MEAN THAT ROTTEN SMELL--LIKE
A DEAD ANIMAL OR SOMETHIN'?

HOWARD, LET'S OPEN A
WINDOW SOMEWHERE--
THE PAINT FUMES
ARE REALLY GETTING
TO ME...

WELL, NO
WONDER THEY
CAN'T SMELL
ANYTHING...

I DON'T MEAN TO BE RUDE,
BUT... WE'RE HAPPY WITH OUR
RELIGION, THANK YOU.

I chuckle: GILLY HOUSEWIFE...!
I AM VICTORIA BLODGETT--

...AND THIS IS MY BRILLIANT,
HANDSOME, FETTER-RICH, AND
EMMENTLY ELUSTLE BACHELOR
SON, KEVIN.

I'M SURE YOU'VE HEARD OF US.

WHO WASN'T? I HEY-HEN! IT
SEEMS LIKE PRACTICALLY
EVERYBODY IN GROSS POINT
WORKS FOR YOU.

I'M
TERRIBLY
SORRY...
WOULD YOU
COME IN?

CURDSORT EXAMINER
BLOODS CHAIRMAN
DONATES MUNICIPAL
PARK IN SON'S HONOR

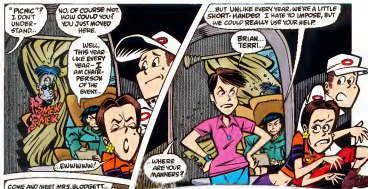
HEY, TERRI... I THINK
I KNOW WHERE THAT SMELL
IS COMING FROM...

YEAH, BUT WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH HIM? HE
LOOKS LIKE HE'S SICK
OR SOMETHIN'.

MRS. BLODGETT,
WHAT COULD POSSIBLY
BRING SOMEONE AS...
BUSY AS YOU WERE?

WELL,
NORMALLY I'D JUST
HAVE ONE OF MY TEOI
CALL IF ALL I WANTE I
WAS TO INVITE YOU TO
OUR ANNUAL
PICNIC...

OHGAD...
HE SAW ME...



MY COMPANY, BLODGO, INC., HAS BEEN SPONSORING THE EVENT EVERY SUMMER FOR THE PAST TWENTY YEARS.

SO...
WHAT CAN
I SIGN YOU
UP FOR?

WELL... SH... GEE. I... EH... NEED TO
BE CLOSE TO THE PHONE, IN CASE
THE EMPLOYMENT AGENCY CALLS.

BUT THE
REST OF US
CAN HELP
CAN'T WE?

KARASH!

IT'LL BE COOL. WE CAN MEET
KIDS OUR OWN AGE...!

WONDERFUL!
KEVIN WILL BE
SO PLEASED.
TERRI, YOU LUCKY
GIRL, HE SEEMS
TO HAVE
DEVELOPED QUITE
A CRUSH ON
YOU.

NOT TO
MENTION
THE
COFFEE
TABLE.

HERE'S A LIST OF
THE EVENTS WE'LL
NEED VOLUNTEERS
FOR...

OKAY... LET'S SEE... TERRI AND I COULD SELL POPCORN
AT THE MAGIC SHOW... AND DAD COULD... uh...
DAD COULD...

HELP
WITH THE
FIREWORKS,
OF COURSE!

THANK
YOU SO MUCH
FOR YOUR HOSPITALITY,
MRS. PICKETT, AND WE'LL BE
SEEING YOU YOUNG PEOPLE
AT NINE O'CLOCK SHARP--ON
THE GRASSY KNOLL
NORTH
OF THE LIGHTHOUSE.

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS...! A TOTAL STRANGER TRASHES THE HOUSE AND YOU DON'T SAY ANYTHING?!

SHHHHHH...! THEY'RE THE MOST INFLUENTIAL PEOPLE IN TOWN! WE DON'T WANT TO OFFEND THEM!



* SEE ISSUE #1 -- MARTY.

"VICKIE'S STILL RICHER THAN A ROCKEFELLER. AN' SHE'S GOT MOST O' GROSS POINT IN HER POCKET."

"I RECKON MOST FOLKS FINGER KEVIN'S JUST ONE MORE THING THEY GOTTA PUT UP WITH..."

GROSS POINT INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATION

DON'T FORGET TO REGISTER

SCHEDULE & ACTIVITIES: • ORGAN TOSS •
• PHLAGG RAISING CEREMONY • PEYE CONTEST •
• TUG-OF-WAR • UNDU THE MAGICIAN • RAFFLE •
• BLOOD DRIVE • FIREWORKS •
COMPETITIVE EVENTS: • STITCHING B •
PIT PARTY • GUT BUCKET HEAVE • SACK RACE •
LEECH RACE • BONEFIRE • PIN THE TAIL

WELL, AT
LEAST THEY
KNOW HOW
TO HAVE A
GOOD TIME
AROUND HERE

MAYBE... BUT
THEY SURE DON'T
KNOW HOW TO
SPELL.

VICTORIA! YOU'RE
LOOKING MARVELOUS.
AND KEVIN...! WHAT
CAN I SAY?

EXCUSE ME, MRS. S... BUT I
THINK KEVIN DROPPED HIS--

SHUT UP! WHADDYA
TRYIN' TO DO, GET ME
FIRED?

THE
WHITE

GUATED

RICK PARKER and LISA TRUSIANI
WRITERS

JOE STATION and ROGER LANGRIDGE
ARTISTS

RICK PARKER
LETTERER

DAU LAUGHLIN
COLORIST

MARTIN PASKO --- EDITOR

ANY CHANCE WE'LL GET
OUTTA HERE IN TIME FOR
THE GAME TONIGHT?

DON'T
HOLD YER
BREATH.

WELL, THIS
OUGHTA BE WORTH
A FEW GRINS.

THIS PHILAGG... NO MATTER HOW TORN

...THIS
PRIMEAS PHILAGG,
FORMER LIGHTHOUSE
KEEPER--AND ONE
OF OUR TOWN'S
FOUNDERS--
SYMBOLIZES OUR
STRENGTH... OUR
STRUGGLE... OUR
INDEPENDENCE.

HEY,
LOOK--

SHOW SOME RESPECT,
PUNK--THIS IS A
SOLENN CEREMONY

OUR PHILAGG
HAS FLOWN OVER
EVERY INDEPENDENCE
DAY CELEBRATION
WE'VE EVER HAD.

--A FLAG-
RAISING
CEREMONY!

WOW, LATER
HERE'S
THEY!

DAD! THEIR PHILAGG IS D-DEAD!

NOT MUCH WIND
TODAY, I GUESS.

THAT'LL BE
GREAT FOR THE
FIREWORKS
SHOW!

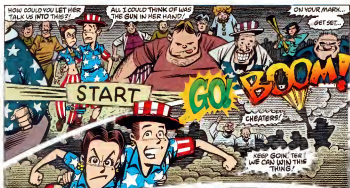
NO-- YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND--!

ATTENTION! THE THREE-LEGGED
RACE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN!

HERE ARE THE
RAFFLE TICKETS
I FORCED YOUR
FATHER TO BUY...
AND I'VE SIGNED
YOU UP FOR THAT
RACE, TOO.

KEVIN IS SO
HAPPY YOU'LL BE
PARTICIPATING--
HE'LL BE ROOTING
FOR YOU!

LOOKS MORE
LIKE HE'LL BE
ROTING
FOR US...



I DON'T THINK I WANNA
KNOW WHY IT'S CALLED THE
"RED TEAM"...

C'MON!
GRAB
ON!

NO WAY!
WHAT IS THAT
THING--?

...IT'S SLIMY AND
DISGUSTING...!

BRIAN!

HELLLLP!!

GET
ME!
OUT OF
HERE!!



NO, NO, DEAR! I KNOW YOU WANT TO IMPRESS THAT PIRETT GIRL.

BUT IT'S THE FACTORY MANAGER'S WIFE'S TURN TO WIN THE PEYE CONTEST THIS YEAR.

NOW YOU MAKE SURE SHE GETS THE BLUE RIBBON.

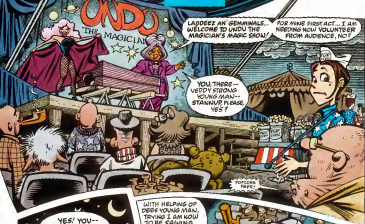
HEY, TER... IT SOUNDS LIKE KEVIN'S GOTTEN OVER HIS "DISAPPOINTMENT." I THINK HE MIGHT WANNA BE YOUR BOYFRIEND AGAIN.

YEAH, WELL, I'M NOT WAITING AROUND TO FIND OUT FOR SURE.

I'M GETTIN' OUTTA HERE BEFORE THE OTHER FOOT DROPS. I MEAN SHOE!

YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE! THE MAGIC SHOW IS JUST ABOUT TO START! DON'T YOU REMEMBER--? YOU VOLUNTEERED TO SELL POPCORN!

HOLD ON A SECOND!



UNDU

THE MAGICIAN

LADDEEZ AN' GEMMINALS... WELCOME TO UNDU THE MAGICIAN'S MAGIC SHOW!

FOR MINE FIRST ACT... I AM NEEDING NOW VOLUNTEER FROM AUDIENCE, NO?

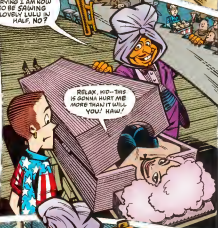
YOU THERE-- VEDDY STRONG YOUNG MAN-- STANNUR PLEASE, YES?

TOYCOIN RAFFLE!

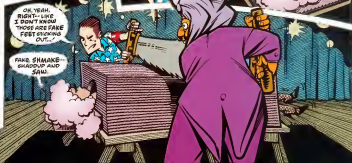


YES! YOU-- HAVING ON HEAD FUNNY LITTLE HAT, NO? PLEASE TO BE COMING ON STAGE, YES, PLEASE?

WITH HELPING OF DEER YOUNG MAN, TRYING I AM NOW TO BE SAWING LOVELY LULU IN HALF, NO?



RELAX, KID-- THIS IS GONNA HURT ME MORE THAN IT WILL YOU! HAW!



OH, YEAH, RIGHT-- LIKE I DON'T KNOW THOSE ARE FAKE FEET STICKING OUT--

FAKE SHAMAKE-- SHADDD AND SAW!





KA-BOOM







I JUST FINISHED THE SEVENTH COAT.

ADMIT IT, HOWARD--YOU'D NEVER KNOW THERE WAS WALL PAPER UNDERNEATH.

LOOKS PRETTY GOOD.

YOU ASKED A GREAT TIME, CHARMARINE. EVERYONE WAS SO FRIENDLY... AND HE EVEN WON THE RAFFLE PRIZE--A PUREBRED SHI-TZU PUPPY!



MAYBE NOW THEY'LL DECIDE THAT THIS IS A NICE PLACE TO LIVE, AFTER ALL... AND STOP COMPLAINING...

I WISH HE'D COME OUT OF THERE ALREADY...

I'M TIRED OF LOOKING AT HIS BUTT...



OMIGODD! IT'S... IT'S SOME KINDA FREAK!

AND YOU'RE STUCK WITH IT!

NO WAY! IT'S AT LEAST HALF YOURS, SCOTCH-ADDI!



FUDGE! SCOTCH-- IT WAS YOUR TICKET!

WELL, YOU! I WOULDN'T EVEN HAVE BEEN THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE, IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU! IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!

TOO!

NOT!

NOT!

First Times at Gross Point High

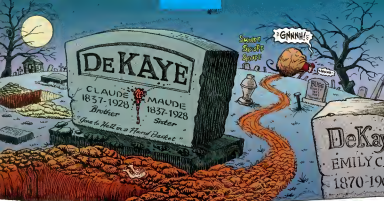


TOK 17 TIK TOK TIK TOK











JA, AND IF ONE OF THOSE BOTTLES SHOULD HAPPEN TO FALL -- 86 BOTTLES OF BEER I ON THE WALL! 86 BOT--

ENOUGH OF THIS LOLLYGAGGING!

WHERE'S MY PARTY?



I HOPE KLEPTO'S READY!

KREEEAAAK

KNOWING THIS PLACE -- I JUST HOPK I'M READY!

WELL... AIN'T THAT SWEET...



EVEN THOUGH IT'S WHAT WE DO EVERY YEAR ON MY BIRTHDAY!



AND WHY ALL THE FUSS FOR FLORENCE'S BIRTHDAY? I MEAN, IT'S YOURS, TOO!

NAH, I WAS BORN TWO DAYS LATER.

IT'S ONE OF THE REASONS WE DON'T KEEP IN TOUCH WITH MA.

Surprise!

Gross Point (pop. 10,000) is located in a valley smack in the middle of a midwestern state. The most familiar landmark is the strange-looking lighthouse in the center of town. Like our friends **Brian and Terri Pickett**, whom we first met last month, newcomers to Gross Point always wonder what a lighthouse is doing in a landlocked location — much less one that is nowhere near a seacoast. But no local has ever been able to provide a satisfactory answer. And that's just **one** of the countless oddities one finds here.

As we learned in this issue's lead story, Gross Point was incorporated as an independent city sometime in the late 1940's. Prior to that, it had been a district of **Collier Bluff**, the larger town to the north. Collier Bluff is where **Howard Pickett**, Brian and Terri's father, commutes each day, to work for **Septum International Corporation**, or **S.I.C.** The giant biomedical conglomerate was founded by millionaire industrialist **David Septum** (listed in the *Book of World Records* as the man with the world's biggest nose), in an effort to cure the world's worst case of sinusitis.

Gross Point has no colleges or universities of its own (most Gross Pointers attend **William Handel Wurst College** in Collier Bluff), but it supports a natural history museum, a small public library, an elementary school, a junior high, and **Edward Gein Memorial High**, to which the Pickett twins will transfer next issue. Most of these institutions line the main thoroughfare, **Mordant Avenue**, which stretches from just outside the city limits (and the farms where soybeans, hogs, and corn are raised) to the foot of the high clay bluffs that form the natural boundaries of the town.

Around the corner from the Pickett home on a side street just off Mordant Avenue, and four blocks from the deeply creepy Gross Point Mall, is the once-elegant Victorian mansion inherited by the crabby conjoined **DeKaye Sisters**. Miriam and Florence have subdivided its cavernous rooms and turned their home into **The Hotel DeKaye**, whose biggest attraction — aside from being Gross Point's only hotel — is the ball "man," **Klepto, The World's Oldest Living Spider Monkey**. According to local folklore, Klepto got the job mainly because he already had the uniform, left over from his previous job with an organ grinder in the 1950s.

Only one large business calls Gross Point home, and almost 65% of the town's residents work for it. **BlodgO, Inc.** is the nation's fifth largest toy manufacturer, founded by the late toy inventor **R. Hodges Blodgett**. It takes its name from the slimy, slimy, gelatinous green modeling compound that was its first huge success in 1948. The Blodgett family still lives in Gross Point and still controls the company, whose headquarters are perched atop one of those high clay bluffs. **Victoria Blodgett**, the toy company's strong-willed CEO, is Hodges's widow, and her spoiled brat of a son, **Kevin**, is sole heir to the Blodgett fortune and the second most powerful person in town (after dear old doting Mom). As you already know (unless you're one of those weirdos who reads the text pages first), rumor has it that prince-like Kevin is spoiled in more ways than one —

like he's plotting, writhing corpse. Which makes things *very* interesting now that he's taken a special fling to Terri!

From the sterile, high-tech towers that house BlodgO, one can look down on all of Gross Point and watch all the people who move easily from the tree-lined streets of the better neighborhoods to the rat-infested tanderloin and back again. These are the folks whose work takes them all over town, such as **Sheriff Bill Paynebel** and his deputies; or **Dr. Ugubi Goebel**, the general practitioner who makes Jack Kevorkian look like Albert Schweitzer and is the only doctor in the state who still makes house calls. Or any of the various odd-looking plumbers, telephone linemen and delivery people who are given a deathly pallor by the weird afternoon light — the perpetual gloom that hangs over what is arguably the scariest town in the United States.

Fortunately for America's sanity, however, Gross Point and its depressed economy are obscure even by small-town standards, and the city fathers are hardly in a position to advertise for a tourist trade. Besides, what would they promote? After all, Gross Point has a minor reputation among followers of the



paranormal as a hotbed of the weird — and unexplained — is a point of convergence of otherworldly forces and supernatural entities. And you can't find a restaurant you'd want to eat at, either. But spreading that around would scare away more people than it would attract!

Still, Mayor Cepage and Sheriff Paynetal (whom we'll meet in issue #4) can't help dreaming of a day when tourists with fists full of travelers' checks might be attracted to the places in town where the water runs uphill and the compasses spin like pinwheels. But that would mean admitting that Gross Point is a kind of magnet for the truly bizarre. And that will probably never happen.

AND NOW A WORD FROM OUR "SPONSORS"

GROSS POINT differs from most new DC titles in recent memory in that it was internally created. The concept for the series is the brainchild of the internal development program of the Special Projects Group, headed by Group Editor Martin Pasko, who is also this title's editorial overseer. Marty, a former TV writer of both animation and sitcom who thinks he knows foot funny (his credits include a stint on "Roseanne" and an Emmy for his work as a writer/story editor on "Batman: The Animated Series," but we hired him anyway), spent over six months in regular meetings with a brainstorming bullpen that included: former editor **Laura Hitchcock** (currently in Hollywood, beating her original mess script into shooatable shape as a recipient of the Disney Screenwriting Fellowship); associate editor **Dann Kurtin** (now editing for the DCU and still contributing those riotous scripts to **PINKY & THE BRAIN** and **ANIMANIACS**); and Special Projects stalwart and custom comics honcho **Jim McCann**. We

are also eternally grateful for the comical blurring we got from **Lance Sill**, demon copywriter and account rep for DC's Advertising and Promotions department, and Eisner Award-winning editor **Browwyn Taggart** (now shepherding our **CARTOON NETWORK** titles to ever more filigree heights). After dozens of closed door sessions, pitching wacky ideas back and forth (the secret tape recordings of which may not be as funny as the book you hold in your hands, but they're certainly more scandalous), we emerged with the Gross Point concept and set about finding writers to execute it.

We were deeply fortunate when our first choice of writers to tackle the "pilot script" for issue #1 said "Yes," and those fabulously funny **FLASH** fanatics **Mark Wald** and **Brian Augustyn** came aboard. (It was Mark and Brian who, as writer and editor respectively, also gave you **IMPULSE**; don't forget.) We think their scintillatingly funny script was beautifully realized by our first-issue penciller, GP character designer and cover artist **S.M. Taggart** (who so delightfully drew our recent **CARMEN SANDIEGO** monthly).

The tone and style set by that first groundbreaking issue have been lovingly preserved and enhanced by our growing bullpen of regular GP contributors. These include this issue's scripters, writer-artist **Rick Parker** of **BEAVIS AND BUTT-HEAD: THE COMIC BOOK** fame, collaborating with **Lise Trusiani**, veteran contributor to Marvel Comics' Disney line and writer of the syndicated strip "Apt. 3-G"; this issue's lead penciller, **Joe Statton** (whom longtime funny-book fans will remember as the co-creator of cult fave **E-MAN** and, more recently, as a contributor to **MAD** magazine); writers **Dan Slott** (late of **REN & STIMPY**); and our very first

comedy "discovery," former **Wilestone** editor **Matt Wayne**, who joins us as the regular lead-feature writer with our next issue.

Tying all this manically mirthful creativity together, and providing the finishing touch that defines the unique look of **GROSS POINT**, is the consummately cool embellishment of British cartoonist **Roger Langridge**, whose work we fell instantly in love with when we first discovered it in the pages of Paradox Press's **BIG BOOK** series, and a recent feature called "Dr. Spin" in **DARK HORSE PRESENTS**. We'll be seeing more work by all these talented creators in issues to come.

We trust that by now you share our enthusiasm for this offbeat title and will tell us so. Or not. In our letters page. But more on that in a bit.

NEXT MONTH...

The only thing more terrifying than going back to school is going back to school in Gross Point, as Brien and Terri discover on their first day as new transfer students at Ed Gein Memorial High. They also meet Carroll "Meat" Metowski, who seems to be the only other "normal" student in town. At least, he seems that way until we find out about the comically weird "double life" Meat's about to begin! All this in next issue's book-lengther, "The Night Is Dark and I Am Far from Homeeroom," from writer **Matt Wayne** and artists **S. M. Taggart** and **Roger Langridge**.

As for your comments on this issue — for publication in our letters column — we're ready for 'em, whether via snail-mail or e. Address "GROSS POINTS, SCARY SUGGESTIONS AND RUDE REMARKS," DC Comics, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019, or DCGROSS@aol.com

Gross Point is a fictitious town, not to be confused with that differently-spelled one in Michigan. The magazine **GROSS POINT** is a work of satire. The stories, characters, and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. No resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is intended or implied, or should be inferred. Any similarity to same without satiric purpose is coincidental.

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